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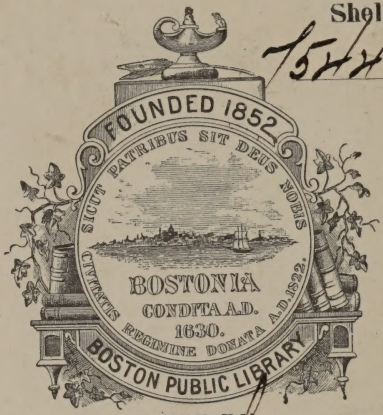

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Installation of

Rev. Eugene Rodman Shippen

as Minister of the First Parish in Dorchester, on Thursday Evening, December 6, 1894.

INSTALLATION

OF

EUGENE RODMAN SHIPPEN

AS MINISTER OF THE

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FIRST PARISH IN DORCHESTER

Thursday, December 6, 1894

AT 7.30 P.M.

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Aug. 26, 1895.

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Order of Exercises

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

CHOIR. "Immortal Love" . . . Music by CHARLES P. SCOTT

OPENING PRAYER . Rev. PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM, New Bedford, Mass.

SCRIPTURE READING . Rev. CHARLES A. HUMPHREYS, Randolph, Mass.

HYMN.

Thou Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
  Has brought us here, before thy face!
Our spirits wait for thy command,
  Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

And now with him and prayer we stand,
  To give our strength to thee, great God!
We would redeem thy holy land,
  That land which sin so long has trod.

Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord!
  Through rugged toil and wearying fight:
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
  And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray;
  Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay;
  Our only rest, to do thy will.

— O. B. Frothingham.

SERMON . . . . Rev. RUSH R. SHIPPEN, Washington, D.C.

PRAYER OF INSTALLATION Rev. C. C. EVERETT, D.D., Cambridge, Mass.

RESPONSE BY THE CHOIR.

O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O God, our God! O Light, our Light!
Thou God of Might, Thou King of Kings!
To Thee where angels know no night
The song of Love for ever rings.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME Rev. SAMUEL J. BARROWS, Dorchester, Mass.

CHARGE TO THE MINISTER Rev. CHARLES F. DOLE, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

SELECTION FROM GOUNOD'S "REDEMPTION."

Lovely appear over the mountains
The feet of them that preach
And bring good news of peace.
Ye mountains, ye perpetual hills,
Bow ye down.
Over the barren waste
Shall flow'rs now have possession;
Dark shades of ancient days,
Full of hate and oppression,
In the brightness of joy
Fade away, and are gone.

RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP . Rev. SAMUEL A. ELIOT, Brooklyn, N.Y.

CHARGE TO THE PEOPLE Rev. CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT, Boston, Mass.

HYMN.

TUNE OF "HUMMEL."

One holy Church of God appears
  Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
  Unchanged by changing place.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
  To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones;
  Love, her communion-cup.

O living Church, thine errand speed;
  Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
  Redeem the evil time!

— *Samuel Longfellow.*

BENEDICTION BY THE PASTOR.

MINISTERS OF THE FIRST CHURCH AND PARISH OF DORCHESTER.

1630–1894.

JOHN MAVERICK	1630–1635
JOHN WARHAM	1630
RICHARD MATHER	1635–1669
JONATHAN BURR, Colleague	1641
JOHN WILSON, Jr., Colleague	1649–1651
JOSIAH FLINT	1670–1680
JOHN DANFORTH	1681–1729
JONATHAN BOWMAN	1729–1773
MOSES EVERETT	1774–1792
THADDEUS MASON HARRIS	1793–1836
NATHANIEL HALL	1835–1875
SAMUEL J. BARROWS	1876–1880
CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT	1882–1893
EUGENE R. SHIPPEN	1894

SERMON: CULTURE AND SERVICE.

BY REV. RUSH R. SHIPPEN.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God."— MATT. vi. 33.

AND how shall we successfully find it? By saving your own soul, says one, which is your first duty and paramount concern in this universe. By doing God's will and work in the world, says another, in self-forgetful consecration serving God and man. Culture, the one aim, regards prayer and toil as means of ascent toward the throne of the Most High, where, having secured our own salvation, we will glorify God and enjoy him forever. Service, the other aim, counts one but an humble instrument in the hand of God to accomplish his good pleasure, welcoming peril, shipwreck, fagot, fire, and cross, if such be the divine will.

The one aim is expressed by Wesley's familiar hymn,—

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

The other is expressed by Clarkson, laboring for emancipation of slaves in the West Indies. Taunted with the question, What are you doing to save your own soul? he replies, "I forgot that I had a soul."

Are not both aims recognized by Jesus? Listen to his ringing call for aspiring endeavor to climb the celestial heights: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Then, as if turning in opposite direction, he says: "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minis-

ter"; "If any would be great among you, let him serve"; "He that would selfishly save his life shall lose it. He who is ready to love it for truth's sake shall, most successfully, eternally find it."

Let us consider culture and service, or being and doing, as aims in life. Fitly they are represented by Plato and Bacon. Plato, the idealist, as apostle of culture counts individual perfection the grand object of existence. To waken man's sleeping faculties, enrich him with wisdom, and make him a great, far-seeing soul, all creation should minister. So writes Mr. Emerson: "For thee, O Man, Naples, Florence, Venice; for thee the fair Mediterranean, the sunny Adriatic; for thee both Indies smile. For thee roads have been cut in every direction across the land; and fleets of floating palaces, with every security for strength and provision for luxury, swim by sail and steam through all the waters of the world." The world, then, with its books, art, travel, society, and church, becomes a school, — work, friendship, charity, religion, important for what they make him, not doing, but being, the supreme destiny. Here centre the interests of earth and eternity, to make every soul kingly and saintly.

Bacon, on the other hand, experimental and practical rather than ideal, counts man chiefly as worker in the world's hive. Man is here not to enjoy, but to do. Culture renders him a living force in the world's affairs. Kingly and saintly he should be, that he may do royal and holy work. Not for selfish enjoyment, O man, but as tools for God's service all things were ordained. The world is a vineyard. Why stand ye here idle? Go forth as laborer. Do your part to leave the world better than you found it. In generous self-forgetfulness consecrate your being in noble self-sacrifice for the truth and the right. This practical aim sets scholars and saints at work, and would convert the Church from a life-boat of self-salvation from the wreck of a drowning world into a missionary ship carrying blessing to all mankind.

As we note these separate aims, they complement and

need each other: when divorced, each runs into fatal extreme.

Service requires culture for wise guidance and inspiring preparation. Without this our misguided zeal works mischief, or becomes tread-mill plodding and painful striving, without spiritual quality or fine result. The overweening wish to be practical sends young men prematurely to work. Impatient of liberal culture where no immediate utility is seen, eager for quick visible results, they rush for the high prizes as if they would take heaven by storm. They are forever disappointed. The bridal procession comes, the door opens; their lamp vessels are unfilled, their oil fails, their light goes out, the door shuts; and they spend life plodding in a dull routine of commonplace drudgery. Their busy industry hums, but the music is a dull, mechanical grind. From such in vain we look for any lofty leadership. They lack ideals and inspiration. Boasting themselves practical, wretchedly poor are the harvests they grow. They would manage and run the church as a railway or fire-engine company. Like a shallow stream, the more shallow the more noisy, or like a car that carries no freight, the more empty the more it rattles, they hope to bring the millennium by outward organizing, manœuvring, and laying pipes, forgetting that without refreshing water from heaven the pipes remain dry and empty. Such is utilitarianism in the extreme, slighting culture and reducing man to a wheel or a cog.

Culture, on the other hand, needs to be consecrated with service, saintly being turned to noble doing. Ignoring beneficent mission, culture grows finical and fastidious, loses heartiness and vitality, and spindles up into airy abstractions. Its fine sentiments fail to solidify into character. Too intent a study of our inner condition, forgetting calls and claims of society and church, measures all things, even charity, by the reflex benefit on ourselves. This aim makes dainty scholars, exchanging power for polish, boasting critical acumen, skilled to find flaws, but, for any practical helpfulness in the world's progress,

utter ciphers. In the noblest symphony they can detect the faintest semitone of discord. But to save their souls they can neither play a tune nor sing a song. Culture thus runs to stalk and leaf without flower or fruit.

This introspective tendency of culture is not healthy. Too apt it is to lose itself in utter selfishness. Running into an individualism that selfishly forgets duties and obligations, its supreme appeal becomes, Sinner, save your own soul! Thus, while listening to hymn, prayer, and sermon, it puts every hearer into the critical and exacting attitude of asking, What good does this all do me?

So says our gifted brother, Dr. Hale, "Look out, not in, and lend a hand!" And in his own inimitable way I have heard him add that self-culture, self-examination, self-salvation, and all the other self-seekings belong to the kingdom of the devil.

When unhappily divorced, we thus see the fatal extremes of unpractical saints and unlovely busybodies. Unpractical saints, refined and devout, shirking responsibility and all the frictions of busy life, with kid-gloved, fastidious culture they shrink from soiling their hands with aught of the dust of this working-day world. Sweet souls! so exquisite and non-committal that they lend no hand to lift struggling humanity out of the ditch.

Uncomfortable philanthropists we note, on the other hand, caucusing and wire-pulling for some good cause, getting up meetings where we are expected to represent our church, pushing us with subscription papers to petition Congress for something we do not exactly believe in, turning the machine with endless, noisy clatter, running the mill in which is no wheat, in their empty, ceaseless grind becoming part of the machinery fitly called cranks.

Disagreeable Christians, also, deeply concerned for your soul's salvation, eager to rescue you as a brand from the burning, anxious that you become acquainted with Jesus, who are themselves so narrow, dogmatic, bigoted, and unlovely that you wonder whether Jesus would know them as personal friends,— you gladly cross the street to avoid

them; and if, as they fondly imagine, they are to have choice seats in heaven, you beg permission to join some company of sweet sinners, and migrate to some other part of the divine dominions.

Let us leave behind us, then, both extremes,— unpractical saints and unlovely busybodies. Since no one of us is perfect, we have reason to be thankful that, even with human limitations, on both lines the world's progress is splendidly carried forward. Grand work has been done in the world by people who were not perfect saints. Luther was coarse and uncouth, yet by his valiant battle for liberty we are all free-born. Burns had personal faults that we willingly forget, while gladly we sing his "Auld Lang Syne" and "A Man's a Man for a' that." Of Shakspere personally we know little, but he has left mankind his debtor. On lower levels a great company of ditch-diggers and coal-heavers so relieve us of drudgery as to permit our devotion to high things of the spirit. In many a household the busy Martha renders possible the saintly Mary. Lifted to higher levels by their faithful toil, shall we despise these humble people? Shall we not rather humbly confess and pay our debt of gratitude? Our continent has been conquered, and the fair fabric of civilization wrought by a grand army of heroic workers, whose personality is lost sight of in their brave service, like soldiers in the front rank of battle, who in supreme devotion willingly lie down in death that over them their comrades may pass in triumph, themselves forgotten in the huzzas of their country's victory.

In our national cemeteries at Gettysburg and Arlington all hearts are touched by the countless graves of unknown soldiers slain for nationality and liberty. We know not who or what they were. We cannot call their names. They may have had their faults. But grandly they battled and died, and saved the nation; and we are all debtors forever by their heroic service.

Besides these we recognize another band of royal, saintly souls, not conspicuous for doing, but whose lumi-

nous character irradiates a dark world. With little of incident that biography can narrate, their names not blazoned forth by remarkable deeds, their spirit is of so pure and refined a quality that they easily go to the high places of nature's nobility. Devoted to lofty things of the spirit, they wield no weapons of war; yet as standard bearers they hold aloft the divine colors that rally the broken ranks to battle for the true and the right.

Do we not all know some lovely saints that, like rare flowers in our conservatories, making no contribution to our daily bread, are so exquisite in grace and sweet with fragrance that simple existence in their presence is a luxury? Rather they are as shining stars in the midnight canopy of darkness. High up above all din and confusion of common affairs, unsoiled by dust or mire, clear-thoughted and pure-hearted, dwelling in the spirit, they simply shine; and the world is made brighter by their shining.

With harmonious union and wise synthesis let these two aims be united in mutual helpfulness. When the devotee of culture shall plunge headlong into service of God and humanity, in the active arena of manly affairs the early culture of student cloisters shall be vitalized into character. Devoted and absorbed in some ennobling mission, willing servants of the good cause shall be glorified and blessed with a richer culture of mind and heart than schools can give.

All our cities and towns have their best society of aspiring young men and women who, by study of science, art, music, and poetry, would enrich their souls and spend life worthily. But our hospitals and mission schools and unnumbered forms of charity offer a school of heart culture deeper and richer than the wisdom of all the languages and sciences and æsthetic arts; for in such self-forgetful service alone can be found the divine magnanimity that lives not to be ministered unto, but to minister.

One of England's most cultivated scholars, Matthew Arnold, some years since put forth his notable plea for

finest culture under Dean Swift's now familiar phrase, "sweetness and light." If he would teach the young scholars of Oxford to immure themselves in college cloisters, that they may selfishly spend life in appropriating to their personal use all the rich resources of the world's best thought, how is their culture less selfish and mean than the miser's passion for gold? The bright perfection of all culture, whose spirit is seen in the Saviour of mankind, is found only as they equip themselves nobly for life's battle, to carry forth from college halls the burning enthusiasm and inspiring influence that shall fill the world with sweetness and light.

In Jesus himself we perceive the perfect culmination of harmonious being and doing,—a radiant spirit of divine love expressed in busy activities of brotherly kindness. On the Mount of Transfiguration, glorified by heaven's radiance, Peter exclaims: "Lord, it is good for us to be here. Let us make three tabernacles." In the ecstasy of the hour he would remain there forever, content. In the world's master-picture the genius of Raphael completes the scene by placing at the foot of the mount the sick, the cripple, the blind, the poor, waiting for the Saviour's blessing. Ignoring humanity's need, had Jesus stayed in the glory of the mount, the world would never have known him. Because he came down to the low places of human want, and there divinely ministered blessing, the world has taken him to its deepest heart as son of God and Saviour of mankind.

Under the portraiture of the gospel, God himself, adorable in infinite perfection, sits not idly upon the throne of glory, but with lavish hand pours forth the exhaustless wealth of his loving spirit in deeds and ministries of boundless beneficence.

Aspiring to be perfect as the Father is perfect, let us also live not to be ministered unto, but to minister. By harmonious union of culture and service, of saintly being and faithful doing, we shall become Christlike and Godlike. Of busy doing there is enough in the world to-day

to bring the millennium if only the world's doing were more wisely guided and lovingly consecrated. And I am persuaded that there is enough saintly sentiment latent in the heart of Christendom to bring the millennium if only it would materialize in organized work.

In unselfish aspiration and mutual helpfulness let minister and people recognize this twofold aim in harmonious union of saintly being and noble doing. Every true church exists both to get good and to do good. Such is the suggestive title of Martineau's fine sermon, "Looking up and Lifting up." With face set heavenward, by hymn and prayer and sermon seeking inspiration with which in coming days to go forth as a banded power of righteousness and blessing, God bless minister and people!

"Life is before you! And, as now you stand
Eager to spring upon the promised land,
Fair smiles the way where yet your feet have trod
But few light steps upon the flowery sod.

. . . . . .

God guide you! God guard you on your heavenward way,
Young pilgrim warrior, starting forth to-day!"

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY REV. SAMUEL J. BARROWS.

I MIGHT say, My friend; I might say, My brother; but to-night I shall say, My pastor, my minister; and not only *my* pastor, *my* minister, but *our* pastor, *our* minister. I have left the family pew below to come up into the old pulpit — these to me the two most familiar and most sacred places in this church — to extend to you a welcome which is personal and also representative. It is personal; for I speak not, as an echo or a phonograph, a message committed to me, but one from my heart and hope for you: it is representative, also, because I express the welcome of this church and congregation. I had thought that this privilege ought to have been given to some of the brethren of the church who speak so well, or to some of the sisters, who speak even better than the brethren. But I suppose that, in asking one to extend this welcome who is a member of the church and of the parish, whose children have been educated in the Sunday-school, who has filled the pulpit and the pew, who has assisted — I will not say with what success — in the choir, it was felt that somehow the whole geography of the church would be represented in the welcome. And so I welcome you, not to a part of the church, but to the whole of it, to the pulpit, to the pew, to the choir, and to the Sunday-school, — to it all. It may help to remind you of one of the most delightful features in our congregationalism, that for which this church early stood; I mean that, while it is the privilege of any layman in this church to perform any of the duties delegated to the minister, whether the preaching of the Word or the administration of any of the ordinances, it is

equally the privilege of the minister to perform all the duties of the laity. This delightful relation, the blessedness of ministering and of being ministered unto, is joined in the pulpit and the pew.

You have been called to the oldest church in the city of Boston. That may be a joyful thought, or it may be a depressing one. To me it was always full of joyful inspiration. As you look out on the blue waters, you will be reminded of that ship that sailed, so long ago, from the other side,— the first ark or house of worship of this church,— and of the holy enterprise which sent it three thousand miles across the ocean, to use the words of the preacher to-night, "not as a life-boat of self-salvation, but as a missionary ship, carrying salvation to mankind." You will be reminded not only of this progressiveness; but, as you see the solid rock on which this old church stands, you will be reminded of the stability of that Puritan character which has come down with it.

Our history as a church is so long that, if I were to ask the very modest privilege of using a single minute for each year to express the welcome that we feel, my address would be four hours and twenty minutes long. But it is not necessary to inflict this upon the audience or upon you. We have still with us, and rejoice in their presence, a dear patriarch in his ninety-fourth year [Deacon Henry Humphreys], who for sixty years has served this church in the diaconate; and we have a dear matriarch [Mrs. Ebenezer Clapp], who, in her eighty-ninth year, represents a service which has been given devotedly and lovingly through these many years. As you clasp their hands, you will touch nearly a hundred years of history, and you will realize that three such lives would equal the whole period of our existence as a church.

But to-night I am not appealing to our traditions, so much as welcoming you here to help us not to live too much in them, but to move out of them, as we shall need to move toward the great work of bringing in the kingdom of God.

If, now, I stop this word of welcome here, it is not because there are not many things that are still in my heart to say to you, for myself and from this people. It is because I know that this welcome is not to stop here; that it will be taken up and be continued from day to day, from week to week, and from year to year; that this congregation will take upon itself to express to you, personally as well as collectively, the gladness of their hearts that you have come to them. A little later we shall bow our heads to receive your benediction; and again and again, as we come here to worship, we shall receive that blessing. But to-night, here in the advent of your ministry, let me give to you the benediction of the congregation. It will come to you many times, not always uttered in words, sometimes only in the pressure of the hand and in the tear in the eye. But it will come to you again and again. To-night let me give it to you, as a representative of the congregation, in the grand old words of the Hebrew text:

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

CHARGE TO THE PASTOR.

BY REV. CHARLES F. DOLE.

THERE are some things that I do not need to say to you to-night. One is, to be true; for I heartily believe that you instinctively love the truth. And I believe that this people have asked you to be their minister because they wanted you to speak to them the simple truth. I do not need, either, to ask you to be courageous for the truth. How can any one believe that this is God's world, and fear to tell the truth? As though a train of cars, if it could be imagined to be conscious, would fear to run on its iron track! What we all forget sometimes is that love, sympathy, is a part of the truth; it is the spiritual atmosphere that belongs to the truth. Unless, then, one speaks the truth in love, unless one has sympathy with the people to whom the truth comes, the truth cannot be accurately spoken. In other words, you cannot speak the whole truth, much less translate it into reality for other minds, unless you speak it in love.

I imagine that all of us ministers need constantly to learn ourselves the lesson of patience that we preach to others. There are a great many things to help us, in these days, to be patient. It is a great thought that in the word "evolution" we have the key to the understanding of so many things. This thought helps us to be patient; if it is a growing world, why, we can wait. We ministers have wonderful opportunities given us for learning the great truths of which we speak. But, when we think what slow work we make ourselves in realizing these great ideas, how can we help being patient with other people?

There is one word of caution that I am rather tempted to give you. It is against doing the work of your ministry in what I am inclined to call the "amateurish" way. The characteristic of the amateur is that he takes himself too seriously; he is thinking not so much about doing the work as about himself in doing it. An amateur is waiting and watching to see whether the work is appreciated. It is not so with the professional: the professional is thinking about the work, the message. It is not of so much consequence what people say about it, or that they thank or pay us for bringing it; but it is of great consequence whether the message is given. "As a horse when he has run, a dog when he has tracked the game, a bee when it has made the honey, so a man, when he has done a good act, does not call out for others to come and see, but he goes on to another act, as a vine goes on to produce again the grapes in season."

Again, let us never forget that we have a gospel to preach,—that is, good news, the secret of the good and beautiful life. All about us there are men and women who have heard about these things from childhood, who would say that they know all about it, and are almost tired of hearing; and yet they have not caught the good news, the secret of life, and are really hungry for it. Some people may go through a long life, and still never get the gospel of good news. It is possible, however, that almost at the very end they may get it and carry it with joy through the rest of life. This makes me say that we ought always, in speaking of these things, to make them interesting, so that, though we preach these truths fifty-two Sundays in the year, the people will come and hear, and say that these things, after all, are the most interesting things in the world. They are, or the people would not come. The whole great world is one vast parable for the illustration of these truths. Science brings new illustrations, so that we find for every phase of truth a beautiful parable.

I believe that the people will always forgive us if we cut

the sermon down to five minutes, if necessary. If all that we have to say of solid thought and interest, all that seems beautiful and interesting, can be said in ten or fifteen minutes, let it so be said. It is a mighty help to think that we need never feel obliged to preach thirty, or twenty-five, or any number of minutes, unless we have something distinctly worth saying for that length of time.

Finally, let us never forget that we are always to speak our gospel with a victorious tone. There are times when every human soul is depressed and sorrowful, when it sees the hard side of life; but let us never preach from the side of depression. Let us preach only when we can preach in a tone of victory and triumph, as if it were indeed God's world. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" One comes back to that phrase again and again, as to a great and solid anchorage. The poets help us, too: —

"Thou must be true thyself if thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow if thou another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart to give the lips full speech.

"Think truly, and thy thought shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be a great and noble creed."

RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP.

BY REV. SAMUEL A. ELIOT.

It is a glad thing to welcome any man to a work worthy of his powers; and, when you have long loved the man, and love the work that he is called to do, that joy is doubled. We are not welcoming you, my dear Eugene, to any life of luxurious ease and dignified quiet. This is a church which has a record: this work will call for your strenuous exertion and your best earnestness. There is a high standard of ministerial service here, which you will be expected in time to attain to. Yet I would not have you discouraged by the magnitude of your task. I think that some of our dear old neighbors out on the prairies might think that this was almost too easy a task for your powers. This is a very comfortable pulpit. This is a splendid old parish, and its work is so thoroughly organized and so loyally sustained that its activities have gone on unchecked through all these pastorless months. Its problems are different from those which you have bravely solved on the Western plains, but you bring to their solution the same bold and reverent spirit. The difficulties might, indeed, intimidate a nerveless or indifferent man; but they will only invigorate and inspire a resolute minister.

The very atmosphere here is vibrant with inspiration and suggestion. Here is a cloud of witnesses, bidding you drop every weight and run with vigor this Christian race. Shades of the past gather about; the spirits of the departed generations hover near, bidding you welcome. The men and the women who founded this church and this town, the honored and revered elders who ministered

here through long generations, those who maintained here public worship and abundant charities, who represented in this community the best culture, education, piety, thought, and statesmanship of their times, — these all bid you welcome. They bid you covet ever the best gifts, put forth your noblest efforts, and cherish and maintain the honorable traditions of this ancient house of God.

And, if the past thus bids you welcome, so does the present. I congratulate you that you come into a church which understands and realizes how the power of the minister has been enlarged in these modern days. You are not going to derive any authority here from any superstitious notions about the value of a mere office. Your authority is to be derived from the vigor of your speech, from the candor and simplicity of your character, from the height of your spiritual aspirations, from the warmth of your sympathy and the keenness of your intelligence, and from these alone. These people are ready to welcome you as a man among men. They are not going to spoil you by artificial treatment. They are not going to surround you with that atmosphere of deference which so often fosters self-conceit, and which leads many a young minister into delivering his own opinions and mistaking them for eternal truths. If any man speaks with hushed voice in your presence, or ventilates opinions which are not natural, then I shall trust you to do your best to exorcise the demon of exclusiveness. Let these people understand that the true minister is not the man who writes "Reverend" before his name in the directory, but the man who speaks out of loving faith in a living God, and out of the power of an endless life.

I congratulate you that this church does not expect of you that sonorous, dramatic preaching which is miscalled "pulpit eloquence," — a style which is most unfavorable to the growth of a true, manly life, and which tries to substitute emotion for character. You will not be tempted here to say the things that are striking rather than the things that are true. You will not be expected to establish

the kingdom of God by theatrical devices. You will be supported in the resolution, which I trust is even now in your heart, to think less of the number of the people you can attract to hear you than of the amount of inspiration and help and comfort you can bring to the people who do come.

Then I congratulate you on the gospel you are to preach. If I know you, and I think I do, it is going to be a this-world gospel. To be a Christian, with you, means to be Christ-like, to seek after the things that are lovely and of good report, and all the rest of the noble catalogue. It means, to the merchant, that he shall be honest, to the judge that he shall be just, to the school-boy that he shall be diligent, to the street-sweeper that he shall sweep clean. It means that conscience shall control life,—a conscience ruled by love. And in the setting forth of that gospel I congratulate you that you can ignore all the old controversies. You can disregard conventional phrases, and keep your lips from sarcasm. You can take the facts of the moral and spiritual life for granted, and emphasize and illustrate them. You will not have to urge this people to be religious by any arguments of self-reproach, but by the arguments of self-respect. You can present Christianity here, not as an organization, not as a theory to be explained, not as a system to be defended, but as a life to be lived. As long as man shall have needs above those of the body, as long as he remembers the most splendid thought that ever sprung in human consciousness,—the thought that he is a child of God and of the eternities,—the power of the prophet of righteousness shall not fail. Into that power I welcome you to-night, and pledge to you our fellowship, our sympathy, and our love. God bless you!

CHARGE TO THE PEOPLE.

BY REV. C. R. ELIOT.

It is a happy arrangement of installation services which places at the close of the programme what is called an address to the people. I like that word "people." It seems to imply that there are to be, in the church, no rich, no poor, no high, no low. There are to be no dividing lines between believers and unbelievers: there are only people. We are all people, — people of the Church of God, sons and daughters of the Most High. It is a happy arrangement of the programme, because, when, you have installed your minister, it still remains that you should install yourselves. It was said among the Jews, in olden time, that no church was ever dedicated truly until some one, sorrow-laden or joy-inspired, had offered in the church a genuine prayer. I believe that no congregation ever yet installed a minister until it had in actual, daily life taken him by the hand, until it had worked with him, prayed with him, and worshipped with him.

You are, then, at this part of your service, to install yourselves, to renew your good resolutions, your noble purposes, your highest ideals. I am here in accordance with the custom, frequently observed, which calls the minister who has last served in the church to give the charge to the people when they install or ordain his successor. I can say to you some things, I know, with deeper feeling than any one else, and perhaps with an authority few others could assume. I may congratulate you, as no one else can, because I know you so well, and because I know you will appreciate the service and work which is to be

given to you. I may congratulate, as no other one can, the new minister whom you have now installed. I know the welcome he will receive. I know the friends whom he will make. I know the devotion, the earnestness and heartiness of the love which is here waiting for him. Knowing these things, I can and I do, with all my heart, congratulate him upon entering this parish, to which I would apply these words, found in the Book of Revelation, addressed by the writer, in the name of the Holy Spirit, to one of the churches: "I know thy works, and charity, and service, and faith, and thy patience, and thy works; and the last to be more than the first."

What a text that would be, were I speaking of the ideal church! What a glorious text it is for one who would bring a message to a congregation, to urge upon the people their duties! No matter how well they may have fulfilled them in the past, they are again to consecrate themselves. My whole message to you is in these words: The church of to-day is to be a working church; it is to be a loving church, a ministering church, a faithful church, a patient, long-suffering church, and, finally, it is to be a progressive church, the last works being more than the first. No church to-day can stand before the people, no church will endure the test of these days of practical usefulness, unless it is so organized in its various parts that it will do a real work for the kingdom of God. To you I would say, therefore, Love your minister, love with him. Let there be no differences between one and another, between rich or poor, high or low. Be brothers and sisters, sons and daughters of God. Minister with your new minister. Who are the ministers in a church? Not the one, nor the few, but the many. Remember whose the church is. Is it his church? No. Is it your church? No: it is his church and your church. It is the church of Christ, it is the church of God. It is the church of the people, it is to be for the people. It is to be not for you, not for him: it is to be for humanity. Minister, then, with your minister. Be ministers with him, each and all.

Then worship with him. He stands not here simply to lead you in worship. He worships with you. When he prays, he prays for himself. When he reads, he reads for himself. When he preaches, he preaches to himself. Worship with him. Come to the services and come regularly. Come in large numbers, that he may know you, may see you, may feel you near as he preaches and prays.

Then be patient with him. I mean not only when he makes mistakes,—I know you will be patient then,—I mean not only that you are to excuse his faults, but I mean that, as he is patient with you, you will be patient with him, when the realization of the ideals which you have in mind and which he has in mind does not come so quickly as you wish. Be willing to wait and hope, with your whole heart fixed upon those high ideals, but willing to wait, as God waits, for the coming of the kingdom.

And, finally, it comes to this: be a working church, and let the "last be more than the first." Be not content with the past. Go steadily forward. Be not content with the noble history of the past. Be not content with the service already rendered, nor with the former ideals. See higher ideals. Do greater works. Would it be a compliment, for instance, to myself or to you to say that I was satisfied with the work that this church was able to do in the past? You remember that the same writer in the Book of Revelation, after he had given that noble word of praise to the churches, said, "Notwithstanding, I have a few things against thee." And then he pointed out to them their faults. He showed them things which they were to cast out, selfishness and sin. I, too, would remind you, therefore, as you look at the past and look out toward the future, to keep constantly before you the ideals of church life and duty. You are to lift up your hearts in joyful praise, you are to give your hands in faithful service. You are to open your hearts and your souls to God, that the Spirit of all faith and hope and love may come in and take full possession.

Dear friends, whom I love, we are one, you and I.

There is but one Church of God, wherever we work. Be one with your minister. Be one with all those who are working for the kingdom of God and the kingdom of his Christ. Be one in the Holy Spirit; and I pray that this Holy Spirit may bless and guide us all!

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